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HYMNS

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE



A COLLECTION OF HYMNS
SUITABLE FOR DEVOTIONAL
MEETINGS AND WORSHIP
SERVICES AT YOUNG PEOPLE'S
CONVENTIONS AND SUMMER SCHOOLS



APPROVED BY
THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S COMMITTEE OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA
AND
THE NATIONAL YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD

Hymns for Young People



A collection of Hymns suitable for Devotional Meetings and Worship Services at Young People's Conventions and summer Schools

Approved by the Young People's Committee of the United Church of Canada and the National Young People's Board

1. Unto the Hills Around

Tune—"Sandon"

Unto the hills around do I lift up
My longing eyes:
O whence for me shall my salvation come,
From whence arise?
From God the Lord doth come my certain
aid,
From God the Lord Who heaven and earth
hath made.

He will not suffer that thy foot be moved:
Safe shalt thou be.
No careless slumber shall His eyelids close,
Who keepeth thee.
Behold, He sleepeth not, He slumbereth
ne'er.
Who keepeth Israel in His holy care.

Jehovah is Himself thy keeper true,
Thy changeless shade;
Jehovah thy defence on thy right hand
Himself hath made.
And thee no sun by day shall ever smite;
No moon shall harm thee in the silent
night.

From every evil shall He keep thy soul,
From every sin:
Jehovah shall preserve thy going out,
Thy coming in.
Above thee watching, He Whom we adore
Shall keep thee henceforth, yea, for ever-
more.

—Psalm 121

2. Come, Holy Ghost

Tune—"Tallis's Ordinal"

Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us Thy influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
Thy prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove;
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

God through Himself we then shall know
If Thou within us shine,
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

Charles Wesley, 1707-1788.

3. O God, Our Help In Ages Past

Tune—"St. Anne"

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

—Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

4.3 The Lord's My Shepherd

Tune—"Walden" or "Wiltshire"

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

—Psalm 23.

5. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty

Tune—"Nicaea"

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
Thee;

Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! tho' the darkness hide
Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside
Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in
earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

—Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.

6. O Worship the King, All-Glorious Above

Tune—"Houghton"

O worship the King, all glorious above,
O gratefully sing his power and his love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of
Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with
praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the
storm.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the
plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and
Friend!

Psalm 104

7. Come, Thou Almighty King

Tune—"Italian Hymn"

Come, thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou Who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

To Thee, great One in three,
Eternal praises be
Hence evermore.
His sov'reign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

—Charles Wesley, 1707-1788.

8. For the Beauty of the Earth

Tune—"Dix"

For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,

REFRAIN:

Lord of all, to thee we raise,
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the wonder of each hour,
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars and light,

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,

For thy church that evermore,
Lifteth holy hands above,
Off'ring up on every shore,
Her pure sacrifice of love.

—F. S. Pierpont, 1835-1917.

9. Breathe On Me, Breath of God

Tune—"Trentham"

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure;
Until with Thee I will one will
To do and to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine;
Until this earthly part of me
Glow with Thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

—Edwin Hatch, 1835-1889.

10. Joy to the World! the Lord is Come

Tune—"Antioch"

Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
plains
Repeat the sounding joy,

He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

—Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

11. Jesus Calls Us, O'er the Tumult

Tune—"Galilee (Jude)"

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow me.'

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love me more.'

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love Me more than these.'

Jesus call us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

—Cecil Francis Alexander, 1823-1893.

12. Crown Him With Many Crowns

Tune—"Diademata"

Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His Throne!
Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Thro' all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of love!
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downwards bends His burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise!
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend.
Their fragrance ever sweet.

—Matthew Bridges, 1800-1893
and Godfrey Thring, 1823-1903.

13. Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Sky

Tune—"Dix"

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night.
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till thy inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

—Charles Wesley, 1707-1788.

14. Lead on, O King Eternal

Tune—"Lancashire"

Lead on, O King Eternal,
The day of march has come;
Henceforth in fields of conquest
Thy tents shall be our home:
Through days of preparation
Thy grace has made us strong,
And now, O King Eternal,
We lift our battle song.

Lead on, O King Eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And holiness shall whisper
The sweet Amen of peace;
For not with swords loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy,
The heavenly kingdom comes.

Lead on, O King Eternal,
We follow, not with fears,
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er Thy face appears:
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light;
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might.

—Ernest W. Shurtleff, 1862.

15. Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

Tune—"Rest"

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find.
In deeper reverence praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and
fire,
O still small voice of calm!
—John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-1892.

16. Faith of Our Fathers, Living Still

Tune—"St. Catherine"

Faith of our fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!

REFRAIN:

Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, we will strive
To win all nations unto Thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
Mankind shall then indeed be free.

Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.

—F. W. Faber, 1814-1863.

17. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

Tune—"Wellesley"

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

—F. W. Faber, 1814-1863.

18. O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee

Tune—"Maryton"

O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

Washington Gladden, 1836-1918.

19. Rise Up, O Men of God

Tune—"St. Ethelwald"

Rise up, O men of God!
Have done with lesser things,
Give heart and soul and mind and strength
To serve the King of Kings.

Rise up, O men of God!
His kingdom tarries long,
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.

Rise up, O men of God!
The church for you doth wait,
Her strength shall make your spirit strong,
Her service make you great.

Lift high the cross of Christ!
Tread where His feet have trod;
As brothers of the Son of Man
Rise up, O men of God!

20. O Jesus, I Have Promised

Tune—"Day of Rest"

O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway,
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

O let me feel Thee near me!
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still;
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will!
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

—John Ernest Bode, 1816-1874.

21. Just as I am, Thine Own to be

Tune—"Just As I Am" or "Woodworth"

Just as I am, Thine Own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might;
Therefore, to Thee I come.

Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be best that I can be,
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

—Marianne Hearn, 1887—

22. I Need Thee Every Hour

Tune—"I Need Thee"

I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

CHORUS:

I need Thee, O I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

I need Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises,
In me fulfil.

—Annie S. Hawks, 1835-1872.

23. O Love That Will Not Let Me Go

Tune—"St. Margaret"

O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow thro' the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless me.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

—George Matheson, 1842-1906.

24. I Would Be True

Tune—"Peek"

I would be true, for there are those who
trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who
care;
I would be strong, for there is much to
suffer;
I would be brave for there is much to dare,
I would be brave for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all the foe, the friend-
less;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weak-
ness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and
lift,
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and
lift.

—Howard A. Walter, 1883-1918.

25. O Word of God, Incarnate

Tune—"Aurelia or Chenies"

O Word of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky,

We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That, o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old:
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

—William Walsham How, 1823-1897.

26. Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Tune—"Hollingside"

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

—Charles Wesley, 1707-1788.

27. Rock of Ages

Tune—"Redhead (Petra)"

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure;
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar through tracts unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgement-throne;
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

A. M. Toplady, 1740-1778.

28. Abide with Me; Fast Falls the Eventide

Tune—"Eventide"

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
 The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
 Change and decay in all around I see;
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?

Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?

I triumph still if thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;

Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

—H. F. Lyte, 1793-1847.

29. Lord, While for All Mankind We Pray

Tune—"St. Flavian"

Lord! while for all mankind we pray,
 Of every clime and coast,
 O hear us for our native land,
 The land we love the most.

O guard our shores from every foe;
 With peace our borders bless;
 With prosperous times our cities crown,
 Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
 And let our hills and valleys shout
 The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations! thus to Thee
 Our country we commend;
 Be thou her refuge and her trust,
 Her everlasting Friend.

—John R. Wreyford, 1800-1881.

30. From Ocean Unto Ocean

Tune—"Morning Light"

From ocean unto ocean
 Our land shall own Thee Lord,
 And, filled with true devotion,
 Obey Thy sovereign word;
 Our prairies and our mountains,
 Forest and fertile field,
 Our rivers, lakes, and fountains
 To Thee shall tribute yield.

O Christ, for Thine own glory,
 And for our country's weal,
 We humbly plead before Thee,
 Thyself in us reveal;
 And may we know, Lord Jesus,
 The touch of Thy dear hand,
 And, healed of our diseases,
 The tempter's power withstand.

Where error smites with blindness,
Enslaves and leads astray,
Do Thou in loving-kindness
Proclaim Thy gospel day,
Till all the tribes and races
That dwell in this fair land,
Adorned with Christian graces,
Within Thy courts shall stand.

Our Saviour King, defend us,
And guide where we should go;
Forth with Thy message send us,
Thy love and light to show,
Till, fired with true devotion
Enkindled by Thy word,
From ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord.

—Robert Murray, 1832-1909.

31. Lord of the Lands

Tune—"O Canada"

Lord of the lands, beneath Thy bending
skies,
On field and flood where'er our banner flies,
Thy people lift their hearts to Thee
Their grateful voices raise:
May our Dominion ever be
A temple to Thy praise,
Thy will alone, let all enthroned;
Lord of the lands, make Canada Thine own!

Almighty Love, by Thy mysterious power,
In wisdom guide, with faith and freedom
dower;

Be ours a nation evermore.

That no oppression blights,
Where justice rules from shore to shore,
From lakes to northern lights.
May love alone for wrong atone;
Lord of the lands, make Canada Thine own!

Lord of the worlds, with strong eternal
hand,

Hold us in honor, truth and self-command;
The loyal heart, the constant mind,

The courage to be true,
Our wide extending Empire bind,
And all the earth renew.

Thy name be known through every zone;
Lord of the worlds, make all the lands
Thine own.

—A. D. Watson, 1859.

32. Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken

Tune—"Haydn's Hymn"

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He Whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage,—
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age!

Saviour, if on Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

—John Newton, 1725-1807.

33. In Christ There is No East or West

Tune—"St. Peter"

In Christ there is no East or West,
In Him no South or North;
But one great fellowship of Love
Throughout the whole wide earth.

In Him shall true hearts everywhere
Their high communion find;
His service is the golden cord
Close binding all mankind.

Join hands then, brothers of the faith,
Whate'er your race may be,
Who serves my Father as a son
Is surely kin to me.

In Christ now meet both East and West,
In Him meet South and North;
All Christly souls are one in Him
Throughout the whole wide earth.

—John Oxenham.

34. Fling Out the Banner, Let it Float

Tune—"Waltham"

Fling out the banner, let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds.
The cross on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the banner, heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner, sinsick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the banner, let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified.

—George W. Doane, 1799-1859.

35. Break Thou the Bread of Life

Tune—"Bread of Life"

Break Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word!

Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All in All.

—Mary A. Lathbury, 1841-1913.

36. Yield Not to Temptation

Tune—"Yield Not to Temptation"

Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you some other to
win;
Fight manfully onward; dark passions
subdue;
Look ever to Jesus—He will carry you
through.

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

Shun evil companions; bad language dis-
dain;
God's name hold in reverence, nor take it
in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted
and true;
Look ever to Jesus—He will carry you
through.

To him that o'ercometh God giveth a
crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, though
often cast down;
He who is our Saviour our Strength will
renew;
Look ever to Jesus—He will carry you
through.

Amen.

—Horatio R. Palmer.

37. Day is Dying in the West

Tune—"Chatauqua"

Day is dying in the west,
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Thro' all the sky.

REFRAIN:

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee.
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most High!

Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.

While the deep'ning shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
Thro' the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts ascend.

When forever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end.

—Mary A. Lathbury, 1841-1913.

38. How Firm a Foundation

Tune—"Adeste Fideles"

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He
hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus hath fled!

Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dis-
mayed;
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow,
For I will be with thee, thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall
lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee—I only
design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
refine.

—Rippon's Selection, 1787.

39. Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

Tune—"Melrose"

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man.

In haunts of wretchedness and need
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened
toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again;

Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from Thy heaven above;
Shall come the City of our God.

40. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

Tune—"Coronation"

All hail the power of Jesus name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

41. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Tune—"Eden"

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain, I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God.
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down,
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.
Amen.

42. Love, Divine, All Love Excelling

Tune—"Beecher"

Love, Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving spirit,
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty, to deliver
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return and never,
Never more Thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless, let us be,
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

43. Spirit of God, Descend Upon My Heart

Tune—Morecambe

Spirit of God! descend upon my heart;
Wean it from earth, through all its
pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou
art,
And make me love Thee as I ought to
love.

I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and
King?

All, all Thine own, soul, heart and
strength and mind;
I see Thy cross; there teach my heart to
cling;
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find!

Teach me to feel that Thou art always
nigh;

Teach me the struggles of the soul to
bear,

To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered
prayer.

Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels
love,

One holy passion filling all my frame,
The kindling of the heaven-descending
Dove,

My heart an altar, and Thy love the
flame.

44. Father in Heaven, Who Lovest All

Tune—"Pater Omnium"

Father in heaven, Who lovest all,
O help Thy children when they call,
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

REFRAIN:

Father in heaven, Who lovest all,
O help Thy children when they call.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth,
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves away,
Controlled and cleanly night and day,
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for Judge and not our friends,
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak,
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs,
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

45. The Day Thou Gavest

Tune—"St. Clement"

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church un-
sleeping,

While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is
keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

46. The Church's One Foundation

Tune—"Aurelia"

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought her,
To be His holy bride,
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.